

## NASHVILLE GLOBE.

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## TO THE PUBLIC.

Any erroneous reflections upon the character, standing or reputation of any person, firm or corporation, which may appear in the columns of the NASHVILLE GLOBE will be gladly corrected upon being brought to the attention of the management. Send correspondence for publication so as to reach the office Monday. No matter intended for current issue which arrives as late as Thursday can appear in that number, as Thursday is press day.

All news sent to publication must be written only on one side of the paper, and should be accompanied by the name of the contributor, not necessarily for publication, but as evidence of good faith.

FRIDAY, JUNE 13, 1913.

## Mrs. Georgia Gordon Minor Taylor.

In the death of Mrs. Georgia Minor Gordon Taylor, Nashville has lost a most estimable woman. She was in truth a great and noble woman. A servant of humanity and a servant of the Most High. We feel that her life can best be told by one who knew her in childhood, and who was always in close touch with her, Mrs. M. L. Crosthwaite pays this tribute to the deceased:

Did I know Georgia Gordon Taylor? I knew her as early as I knew any one. My brother, whom I never saw, as he died ere my birth, shared his nourishment from my mother with her. Thus she became in a way my foster sister. I can see her now, a jolly, playful little girl. The characteristic of seeing the fun in everything did not leave her as the years went by. During my last conversation with her we had a hearty laugh about some of our nonsense of earlier days. Her disposition was naturally cheerful and hopeful, and in childhood was often made manifest by a ringing, care-free laugh that did one's soul good to hear. Indeed, the cares and sorrows of after life served only to mellow her vivacity, never to destroy it.

She was truth personified. If other people flattered you, when you reached Georgia, you got the truth straight. If she felt that what she wished to say was very unpleasant, she would just turn her head and say "Umph." That little sound sometimes spoke louder than many words. She was a faithful friend. Trouble, gossip, envy never shook her faith in one who had her confidence. The sympathetic word, the kind act, the helpful suggestion were to be forthcoming to her friends if they underwent any sort of trouble. If the difficulty seemed trivial one, she would probably pat you on the shoulder and laugh you out of it.

To him whom Georgia took to be her life-long companion she gave the same faithful help. She studied his business interests, and for years stood shoulder to shoulder with him in his work. We know he will miss her. Yes, all her friends will miss her. It seems dark and lonely since she has gone. We know, however, that this separation is only for awhile.

"Love! I dream and faith will trust  
(Since he who knows our need is just)  
That somehow, somewhere meet we must  
Alas for him who never sees  
The stars shine through his cyress trees!  
Who hopeless lays his dead away  
Nor looks to see the break of day  
Across the mournful marble slabs  
Who hath not learned in hours of faith  
This truth to flesh and sense unknown:  
That life is ever lord of death  
And love can never lose its own!"

## Dr. Washington's Address.

At Fisk Commencement Wednesday morning, Dr. Booker T. Washington delivered an address to the graduating class that was a wholesome admonition to every one present. It is never expected that the Wizard of Tuskegee will deliver other than a wise and logical address, but on this occasion his words were timely, owing to the surrounding conditions. He did not bring any new doctrine; it was the same common sense, practical talk that has been heard thousands of times all over this country and in other countries; but there are times when the minds of the people are in a receptive mood, and we

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will secure homes for the all delegates to the Grand Lodge who will write him at the above address.

believe such was the case at Fisk University on the morning of the commencement exercises.

Fisk University has passed through a trying year. Dr. Washington said, the friends of the institution had been tested, but we want to be more personal and say that the Negroes of this country have been tested; and we believe that they have been aroused to a realization of the fact that the destiny of Fisk University is in their hands. If this is true the address delivered by Dr. Washington on last Wednesday morning will result in great good.

The ten millions of Negroes in this country must be saved; they must be enlightened; they must be made better citizens; they must be made to know the truth. Humanity has always sought the light. Negroes are human beings and are therefore seeking the light. The men and women who are graduating from our colleges and universities every year have received the truth and since the truth is the light, the educated people must get down with the uneducated that they may know the truth. As was said by Dr. Washington, the educated can no longer excuse themselves; it is their burden, and it is their bounden duty to shoulder it and bear it to a pinnacle and then hail the world to look thereon.

There is no disputing the truth that until Negroes come in possession of some of the wealth of the land there is no possibility of the world seeing them as a light on a hill, or recognizing them as a potent factor in the development and management of the affairs of the nation.

The Capital City Baseball League will play a double header in the Athletic Park Monday. Now, if you were as enthusiastic as you appeared to be on the lots, prove it by coming to the game with a quarter in your pocket.

Tennessee politics continue to be the burden of the state. Thanks be to the weather gods, the atmosphere is in our favor.

If the Democratic Congress will only get that Tariff Bill finished the nation will willingly give them a vacation.

WILLIAM C. BREWSTER  
FOUND DEAD.

Leading Man for Taylor Undertaking Establishment—Had Been Identified with the Firm for Many Years.

Friday night at 11 o'clock William C. Brewster, head employee and funeral director for Taylor & Co., was found dead in the trimming room by William Cole, one of the drivers.

When the news was broken to Rev. Taylor he was overcome and it was all his friends could do to sustain



MR. W. C. BREWSTER, Right hand man of Preston Taylor. him, realizing as he did that his wife, Mrs. Taylor, would soon step into the Great Beyond, and realizing further that the man who had just been found dead was his most trusted employee, it was almost more than human strength could endure.

Mr. Brewster had worked for Taylor & Co. for over twenty-five years, and he had a host of friends in this city, as was evidenced by a great outpouring at his funeral, at the Spruce Street Baptist Church Monday morning at 10 a. m.

The funeral was attended by Rev. T. L. Ballou, pastor of the church. He preached a strong sermon, utilizing the life of the deceased.

Mr. Brewster was a member of Spruce Street Baptist Church for over twenty-five years. He was kind-hearted and generous to a fault.

The music was very impressive, and at times a dry face could scarcely be found in the house. One brother, Mr. George W. Brewster, and a sister, Mrs. Rear, survive him.

## JUBILEE SINGER GONE.

(Continued from Page 1.)

years, singing the simple slave songs of our people, beautifully called "the crystallized tears and passion flowers of the slave cabin."

The spiritual life of our little company was sustained by prayer. Worship always preceded the work of the day and God's blessing was asked upon each concert.

There came a time that we must have a name; special prayer was offered, in which our leader, Mr. White, tarried at the mercy seat all night, and toward morning he opened his Bible to the Scripture about the Jewish year of Jubilee and later he came in with beaming face and said, "Children, you shall be called 'Jubilee singers.'" Six months later we returned to Nashville with twenty thousand dollars, with which we bought the present site of Fisk University. We sang at the great World's Peace Jubilee in Boston in 1872, where there was a choir of twenty thousand voices and instruments and an audience of forty thousand people. We sang the verse of the Battle Hymn of the Republic:

"He hath sounded forth the trumpet that shall never call retreat."

Our voices were heard to the remotest corner of that great coliseum seating forty thousand people. The audience went wild with rejoicing; women cried out; men shouted, and one musician held his bass violin aloft and whacking it with his bow cried out, "brave, brave." The leader and great composer, Strauss, waved his bow in admiration. Five of the next six years were spent abroad. We crossed the Atlantic four times and traveled throughout the British Isles and most of the Continental Empire, singing to the Christian and philanthropic public not only to raise funds for our school, but in the higher service of Christian evangelism and charitable work in song in behalf of the poor and the outcasts in the cities and towns.

We sang in hospitals, jails and asylums of every description. Everywhere our soul music carried its message of comfort and hope. Nine of the crowned heads of Europe and their families and friends heard us with delight. Queen Victoria informed us and also wrote to her daughter, the crowned princess of Germany, the mother of the present Emperor William, that we had greatly comforted her more than anything since the death of the consort Prince Albert, ten years before. Souls were converted under our singing. We often assisted in evangelistic work and we also gave a month of our vacation at the services of Messrs. Moody and Sankey, singing daily to an audience of ten to twelve thousand souls in East London. Thousands were converted during the meetings. One man who died soon after said that he went to hear the preaching, but the singing had saved his soul. Once we surprised Mr. Moody during a meeting, arriving late and unexpected. We went into the small fifth gallery during the praise following an earnest appeal to sinners by Mr. Moody. While all heads were bowed he said, "Let every body pray and may the angels carry the message of pardoned sin. When he prayed we softly sang 'There are angels hovering round to carry the tidings home.' The effect was wonderful and most impressive. Some people said that for a moment 'we really thought the music came from an angel band.'"

In 1878, when we returned home we had not only raised \$105,000 for Fisk University, but had made thousands of friends for our race and loved school, who sent gifts of every kind, including furniture, books, etc., to help furnish Jubilee Hall, our memorial building. For fifty years the great bell, a gift with our names inscribed thereon has rung out its musical summons to the youth of our race to prepare for their life work of uplifting and regenerating.

Georgia and I had other plans for working together again for Fisk. We had hoped to raise the money to build at least one building for the George L. White Conservatory of Music that the splendid work of the musical department of Fisk might be housed and enlarged so that it might carry on its work more effectively under better conditions. But other needs at Fisk have demanded immediate relief, and Mrs. Taylor's falling health delayed our beginning this campaign. Mrs. Taylor's quiet, unassuming, cheerful spirit never failed us in all of our struggles, and she did what she could in every way to pass on what she had enjoyed to others, and her work will continue to bear fruit in the years to come. She longed for a quiet home here. She now rests in a better home not made with hands eternal in the heavens. I was with her as she was nearing the great white city, but she was unconscious of our presence and knew not that those who loved her watched her homegoing. She is now satisfied, for she is like her Saviour and in his presence.

In loving remembrance,  
ELLA SHEPPARD MOORE.

MRS. GEORGIA MINOR TAYLOR'S  
FUNERAL LARGELY ATTENDED.

Fisk Jubilee Singers Pay Last Tribute of Respect.

The funeral of Mrs. Georgia Minor Taylor was held at the Lea Avenue Christian Church Monday, June 9. The church was packed, there was hardly standing room, and the streets were lined with people. The many beautiful flowers were an evidence of her wide circulation of friends and was a glowing tribute to the distinguished lady.

The funeral services were conducted by Rev. W. H. Dickerson. The hymn "How firm a foundation, ye saints of the Lord," was sung by the choir, after which prayer was offered by Rev. J. W. Sexton, pastor of St. Paul A. M. E. Church. The Fisk Jubilee Singers sang "In Bright Mansions Above." The 23rd and 24th Psalms were read by Rev. Spencer Jackson, pastor of St. Andrews Presbyterian Church. The Fisk Jubilee Quartet sang "We shall walk through the valley of the shadow of death." Prof. H. H. Wright, of Fisk University,

gave a brief history of the life of the deceased. He said in part:

"Georgia Gordon was born in Nashville, September 24, 1855. She attended the public schools and also attended Fisk University when it was first opened in the Soldiers' Barracks. When the Jubilee Singers went out on their mission to secure money for the help of the institution, she went with them. She was later married to the Rev. Preston Taylor, and was the mother of one child, which died in its infancy. She was of a generous disposition, helping many worthy causes by gifts and counsel, free of charge. She has been a help to her husband in all of his work."

The faculty and students of Fisk University remember her as a Jubilee singer and always bear her name in connection with the story of the Jubilee singers. Her name is cherished in the University, and every year she is thought of with greater and greater appreciation. When we were getting up a large concert to be given at Ryman Auditorium for the Fisk Endowment Fund, she was one of the first to purchase tickets. She was loyal to the school and she was always well remembered by us." In closing he extended his sympathy to the family, church and community. Reminiscences were then heard from Mrs. Ella Sheppard Moore, pianist of the Fisk Jubilee Singers and one of the original troupe, who traveled abroad with Mrs. Taylor singing before kings and queens. In her remarks she said: "Long before Fisk Jubilee Singers came forth we went out every Friday and Saturday in the city of Nashville and nearby towns, singing in order to secure money for Fisk. We then went forth with Fisk Jubilee Singers to secure money to



Mrs. Georgia Minor Gordon Taylor's Grave, under a mound of flowers in Greenwood Cemetery.

The following persons gave beautiful floral designs:

Lea Avenue Christian Church; Dr. and Mrs. J. P. Wilson; Naomi H. H. of Ruth, No. 2011, G. U. O. of O. F.; Mr. and Mrs. Reuben Reams, Rev. A. N. C. Williams, Mr. Chas. White, Woman's Board of Tennessee State Fair Association, Tennessee Christian Woman's Board of Missions, Mrs. Kemp, One Cent Savings Bank, Mrs. F. A. Miller, Miss M. W. Fletcher, Mrs. R. S. White, Miss M. W. Fletcher, Mrs. R. S. White, Mr. and Mrs. Langston, employees of Taylor & Co., Holy Trinity Church, Dr. and Mrs. J. H. Hale, Mr. G. W. Franklin, Gritton Sweeney, Wilkerson, Dorris, Karsch,

Combs and Wavis, Wiles, Oentlin, and W. R. Cornelius, officers and members of Company G. Mr. and Mrs. Geo. O. Boyd, Mr. and Mrs. Wm. O. Tate, George Gordon, Miss Emma J. Cockrill, Nashville Globe, Dr. and Mrs. R. H. Boyd, Mr. and Mrs. H. A. Boyd, Greenwood Giants, Relief Corps No. 4, D. Lowenheim, H. C. Bennett and Chas. Cassey, of the Bennett Livery Co.; Christian Woman's Board of Missions; Foreign Christian Missionary Society; American Christian Missionary Society; Engine Company No. 4, Miss E. J. Terry, Mrs. J. K. Honesty, Mr. and Mrs. J. C. Napier, Hubbard Hospital Club, Mr. J. D. Ballentine, Mr. and Mrs. J. W. Grant.

pay off the debts which the school had accumulated. This work succeeded far beyond our expectation. Twenty thousand dollars was raised with which the land where Jubilee Hall now stands was purchased; \$165,000 was raised to erect buildings for this school. Georgia was very useful, she sang in jails, hospitals and everywhere her musical talent could comfort and sustain. We never went to a concert without first asking the presence of God. When we were called to sing before Queen Victoria she said she had never had anything to comfort her more since the death of Prince Edward. We sang before large crowds in Scotland and were called time and time again to sing before a king or queen. We sang at a great meeting held by Dr. Moody in London, and when our voices went out in that large crowd as we sang "Angels are Hovering Round" the people seemed to think that angels had really come down from heaven."

The Jubilee Quartette sang, "My sister's took her flight and gone home." The benediction was then pronounced by Rev. A. G. Coombs, rector of the Episcopal church. The remains were interred at Greenwood Cemetery.

## LETTERS AND TELEGRAMS.

The following letters and telegrams were received:

Dearest Papa: I am just from morning services. I was very sorry to hear of the sad news, the death of Mrs. Taylor. Of course she is out of her misery and suffering, and I only hope she was prepared for the end. You have my deepest sympathy in this your sad hour in losing her and also your faithful servant, Mr. W. C. Brewster. His death came as a shock to me, as I did not know that he was sick, but complained so much. Papa, please let me come to you, and let me help and comfort you. Please extend my sympathy to Miss Bunney

and her daughter in this their sad hour. The Lord givech and the Lord taketh away. He knows best.

Your loving daughter,  
HATTIE.

Dear Brother Taylor: We are very sorry to hear of Mrs. Taylor's demise. A great host of friends will sympathize with you in your bereavement, and pray the loving Father to comfort you. She has but gone on before us and is free from her suffering. I am remembering her especially these days. Affectionately,  
Your brother,  
DR. ROYAL J. DYE.

Eureka, Ill.  
Preston Taylor, 449 Fourth avenue, Nashville, Tenn.  
Christian Woman's Board of Missions sends sincere sympathy. Will write.

MRS. ANNA RATWATER.  
Indianapolis, Ind.

Rev. Preston Taylor: Both Mrs. Napier and I greatly grieved over the sad news of death of Mrs. Taylor. In early life, as Jubilee Singer, she did service which rendered her a real public benefactor and endeared her memory to all of us. In your sorrow and bereavement you have our deepest sympathy.  
J. C. NAPIER.

Washington, D. C.

Elder Preston Taylor: Central Christian Church tenders sympathy in your bereavement. We commend you to Him who doeth all things well.  
M. F. ROBINSON.

Louisville, Ky.

Rev. Preston Taylor: You have our deepest sympathy. Would like to come, but circumstances forbid. Mrs. Crosthwaite is out of the city.  
MR. AND MRS. CROSTHWAITE,  
Kansas City, Mo.

Rev. Preston Taylor: Learned of Mrs. Atwater to-day of death of Mrs. Taylor. My heart and heart of every member of team goes out in deepest love and sympathy. We pray that God may give you his comfort in this hour. Would attend the funeral but previous appointments prevent.  
A. E. CORY.

Columbus, Ind.

Preston Taylor: I will be there Monday morning.

JAS. H. HATHAWAY.

Louisville, Ky.

Rev. Preston Taylor: You have my profoundest sympathy in your very sad bereavement. Message later.  
J. N. ERVIN.

Johnson City, Tenn.

Rev. Preston Taylor: Accept our deepest sympathy in these your most sorrowful hours. You will find consolation in the words of Job: "Though I slay me, yet will I trust him." The sad intelligence of Mrs. Taylor's death was read to Sunday-School Congress. All join in sympathy,  
R. H. BOYD.

C. H. CLARK,

HENRY A. BOYD.

W. S. ELLINGTON.

Muskogee, Okla.

Mr. Preston Taylor: Heartbroken. Wire railroad fare to Vivian to come to funeral. Leave here Sunday night.

Answer. MRS. F. W. HARSH.

Chicago, Ill.

Mr. Preston Taylor: Very much pained to learn of the death of your good wife. I understand the ordeal through which you are passing. Will notify friends here. I express the sympathy of the National Association. Order a wreath at \$5.00 at my expense. Be of good cheer, this is God's way, his will be done. If I can do anything further feel free to command me.  
G. W. FRANKLIN, Jr.

Chattanooga, Tenn.

Dear Brother Taylor: We have received your telegram telling us of the home-going of Mrs. Taylor. Brother Cory, of Cincinnati, came in soon after the message was received. It was at first decided that I should go to represent all our Mission Boards of the church, and to express to you our sympathy in your great loss. After thinking the matter over

(Continued on Page 5)

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